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SECOND EDITION

BUFFALO BILL

A POEM.

Col. William F. Cody.

Thrilling Adventures

OF

Col. W. F. Cody

BY
THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK

Price 25 Cents

F594
.C685

I wish you a happy New Year.

350 South Franklin St.
Denver, Colorado,
Jan. 21-1914.

Presented to
His Excellency,
Hon. Woodrow Wilson,
President of the United
States of America—
With the compliments & Regards
of his Admirer
& Fellow Citizen—
Thomas B. Brown Jr.

350 South Franklin Street

Latest
W. D. Boyce
Chicago. Oct 1st
1905

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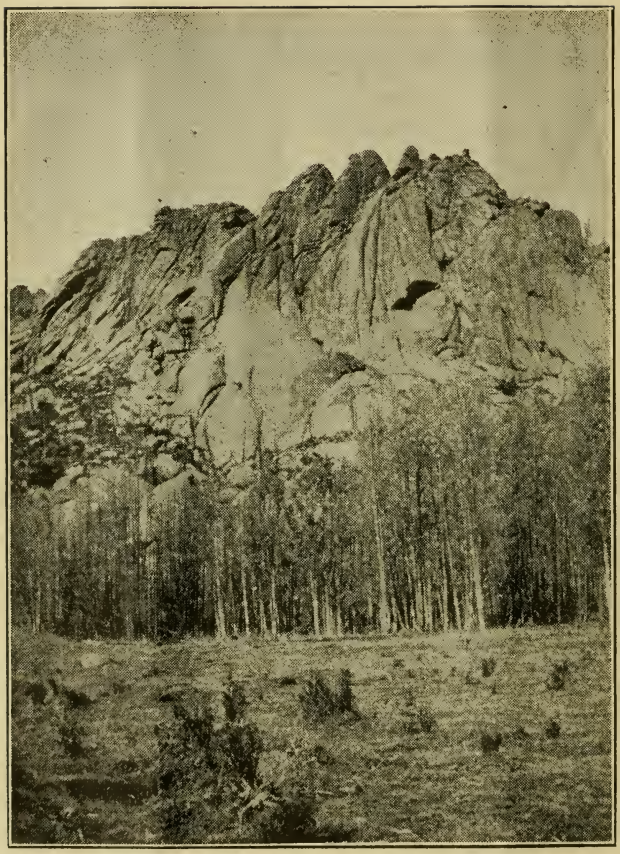


Solitudes.

PREFACE

In the following poem of the adventures of my friend, Col. W. F. Cody, I have endeavored to entertain the reader in portraying the remarkable and eventful career of one of America's most celebrated men. THE AUTHOR.

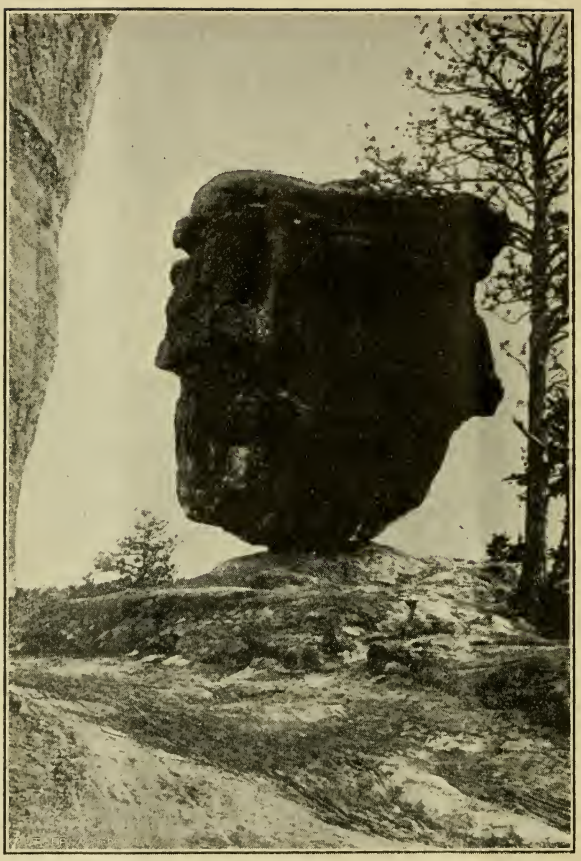
The following letter and another given elsewhere in the book are two endorsements of the poem by Colonel Cody.

NORTH PLATTE, NEB., March 11, 1913.

FRIEND PEACOCK—Pardon if I seemed indifferent, but I was so ill and worn out and so much to do. Please address Hotel Waldorf, New York after March 20th. I admire you as a man and poet. Your friend, W. F. CODY.

Thomas Brower Peacock, the Denver author and poet, is the author of various publications and numerous poems, among them the great Columbian Ode. The Columbian World's Fair Board of Managers selected Mr. Peacock's Ode as the best submitted in the international contest, where one thousand poets competed. It was read by him in Art Palace, Chicago, at the opening of the World's Fair in that city, May, 1893. He won the honor from the poets of all countries. He is also author of "Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes," which volume was favorably and extensively reviewed by the press and the leading literary authorities of America and Europe. This volume was translated into the German language by the eminent German author, Karl Knortz, of Berlin. Reference to this translation and a biographical sketch of Mr. Peacock will be found on page 696 of Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography; also in "Who's Who in America," etc.

Mr. Peacock's Columbian Ode was translated into all of the European and Oriental languages.—From the Denver *Daily Post.*



Balance Rock, Colorado.

BUFFALO BILL — A POEM OF THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF COL. W. F. CODY.

A Souvenir Poem.

By THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK.

(COPYRIGHT BY THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK, 1913.)

INTRODUCTORY.

Awake! Awake! The morn is breaking,
Love's radiant harbingers increase,
Over the world I sing the wak'ning
Of the morn of universal peace.

The grave of hate we'll live above
And bury deep war's awful crime,
And build the colonnades of love
Adown the corridors of time.

The lyre and paean tones prolong,
As did the troubadours of old,
By trumpet herald — by wealth of song —
The life of Cody great and bold.

* * * * * *

COLORADO.

Colorado still owes Cody to this day —
Owes early pioneers and powers —
That western wilds have passed away,
And weeds have blossomed into flowers.

In Egypt the pyramids we see;
In Rome her ancient buildings grand!

To Swiss, their Alpine scenery
Seems wrought by the magician's hand.

No sunset of Europe, no!
With Colorado's can compare;
Her wondrous beauties come and go
In blazing skies — in splendor there.
The sun paints in the clouds on high
Radiant light of glorious beam,
Reflected in the glowing sky
From yellow gold in earth's deep gleam.
Colorado is the choice
Of connoisseurs of what is best;
The hearts of tourists here rejoice;
The pilgrims settle in our West.
No cyclones or tornadoes here,
No earthquakes with dynamic shock,
No sunstrokes that the feeble fear,
No floods man's helpless powers to mock.
Colorado's metropolis —
Denver — of all cities lit the best —
For beauty, health and happiness,
Queen City of our wondrous West.
She has men of great affairs,
Who've builded best they knew,
Among them liberal millionaires,
To their convictions staunch and true.
Denver has philosophers, logicians,
And at her altar fires enshrined,
Reporters and metaphysicians,
And authors of every kind.
Our daily papers are the best
Found in any land or clime:
They helped to build the glorious West,

Improving all the passing time.
When traveling far away,
Around the world, from coast to coast —
The wide world's news we get, be where we may;
We read it in the Denver *Post*.

* * * * * *

In lofty verse I touch the lyre!
In poetry sublime I voice
The reign of peace, to thus inspire
The hearts of all to higher choice.

To feel for the departing race
Whose fate and buffalo's are one,
Whose lives are passing in swift pace,
Fast hurried to the setting sun.

Deep sorrow for the heroes red,
Soon gone to happy hunting grounds,
Who fought, retreating as they bled —
Fought bravely, giving wounds for wounds.

The red man has his rights as well
As pale face close upon his trail,
And God alone Himself can tell
Where right and wrong with each prevail.

O'er Boone and Carson, men sublime,
And pioneers we'll not recall,
Silhouetted 'gainst the sky of time,
Looms Cody, greatest of them all.

To congregate all tribes today,
Those left of once a mighty power,
That once owned all America,
When in their glorious manhood flower,

Is Cody's aim and one to please,
This dauntless man of iron will,
This mighty modern Hercules,
Known round the world as "Buffalo Bill."

* * * * * *

THE RACE FOR LIFE.

Hark! 'Tis the sound of clattering feet,
Oft heard in the city's busy street,
Now heard in the solitudes of God,
Where long the Indian monarch trod.
Who comes? A horse with thundering bound,
Tears madly o'er the echoing ground,
A powerful horse with wondrous speed,
Now passes on, far in the lead
Of scores of Indians on the track
Of a mighty man on the horse's back —
Up hill and down — on, on, away!
Across the plains — no pause or stay.
Now they reach a running river,
And they must cross it — now or never —
Leap! Plunge! The river crossed, again
They thunder o'er the spreading plain.
The rider turns, and like a flash,
As on, in mad career they dash —
Hark! Hark; Reports of rifle ball!
Crack! Crack! A dozen Indians fall;
His Winchester speaks so oft, the pack
Of Redmen following on his track,
Afraid of losing time perforce,
Keep firing volleys at man and horse,
Constantly shooting, to slay in hate
This man protected by hand of Fate.

"On, on, Friend Joe! Go forward! Flee!
A slower pace, all's up with me.
Full seventy miles we must swiftly go
Before we're safe from the coming foe.
It gives me pain to run you hard,
Brave Buckskin Joe, my dearest pard.
God knows well, and I know too,
This is the only thing to do,
For the Redmen's shot have pierced my clothes —
They hope to get me — these Indian foes!
Spat! Through my sombrero a ball
Has given me, Joe, a very close call!
On! On! We must not slacken speed:
We have but twenty miles, my steed.
Though you are dripping now with sweat,
And like a bellows panting, pet —
To reach the fort should we now fail,
We'd land beyond earth's troubled vale!
On! On! 'Tis now but ten good miles
O'er plains and through dark, rough defiles.
Our foes have given up the chase;
They're lost to sight, both form and face.
On! On! But five short miles remain,
And we're not numbered with the slain."

* * * * * *

BUFFALO BILL'S FIGHT WITH INDIANS.

The midnight moon across the plains
Sails like a mystic barque of God;
The oak that on the mountain reigns
Casts shadows on the valley sod.

A mountain cascade to the dell
Goes through the vale of flowers rare,

Past wigwams, where the red men dwell,
Remote from white man and his care.

Hark! sound of constant shooting rattles
From firearms on the ear of night.
A lone white man with Indians battles —
A score of red foes in the fight.

Surrounded in a rocky basin,
With his back against a wall —
A wall as smooth as though trowel of mason
Had fashioned it for banquet hall,

This man stands and works his rifle,
(Full many times its firing worth),
As though he deemed it but a trifle
To wipe his enemies from the earth.

Many balls have pierced his clothes,
A score have ruined his sombrero,
But his dead and living foes
Have failed to slay the fighting hero.

Believing he could not be killed
Until his fatal hour had come
And all his dream of life fulfilled,
Ere called through other worlds to roam,

His nerve was ever strong and steady,
His aim was always sure and quick,
His rifle at his shoulder ready —
His foemen falling fast and thick.

He's Buffalo Bill, the fearless ranger,
The plainsman, pioneer and scout;

Though ever on the brink of danger,
His foes could never count him out.

All suddenly the fight is over
And the loud voice of battle still.
Why does the pioneer and rover
Come from his cover near the hill?

Go, ask the winds that now are keeping
A requiem o'er those without breath;
They tell the white man's foes are sleeping —
Sleeping the long, long sleep of death.

* * * * * *

THE LIVING ARSENAL AND HIS DESPERATE STRIFE WITH APACHES.

Of all the tribes of the Indian race
The Apaches are most given to cruelty.
Their history as far as I can trace
Is a trail of blood and tragedy.
Revenge and hate and hearts of steel
And fiercest passions known to life —
No mercy for their foe they feel,
No quarter given in the strife.
Buffalo Bill they hated long
Because he found their stronghold out;
To their home on the mountains high and strong
The way was known unto the scout.
All foemen that went there to attack
Had failed to capture the wily foe.
The Apaches ever had driven them back
To the beautiful sleeping valley below.
But Cody a powerful army had lead
To their camps on the mountains high;

This army dispersed them and wildly they fled.
They declared that this pale face should die;
They'd held these mountains for two hundred years,
And during these years had known no defeat,
But the scout at last had awakened their fears
When the pale face had found their retreat.
Big Bear, the chief, cries, "Ere another moon wanes
The scalp of him who has betrayed one and all,
The scalp of Cody, 'Evil Spirit of the Plains,'*
Shall hang a trophy on my wigwam wall."
Cody learned of the threat and the chief defies,
Though he felt it was wise, whatever his fate,
To be ready to meet what e'er might arise
In the days that were coming — the days soon or late.
He straps on a broad belt with revolvers well filled.
To do this was wisdom, no one can gainsay.
"With these and my Winchester, though I may be killed,
The fight I will give them they'll remember alway."
Lo! the day is at hand! the Apaches appear!
They see the bold scout and raise a wild yell!
Alas! for them, for the yell they paid dear;
In a moment and fully a dozen fell,
A score or more Indians deadly shots do outpour;
They reach the brave scout; they reach him in vain.
He fights them still as he fought them before,
And their numbers steadily add to the slain.
"Why does he not fall? We have struck him I feel —
Many times we have fired," thinks the chieftain.
Big Bear.
Their bullets had glanced from thick belt and barrels of
steel,

---

* Colonel Cody was known to this and other tribes as the "Evil Spirit of the Plains."

And harmlessly bounded far out in the air.
"By some mystic power he's protected, I ween,
Even on these old trails we have many moons trod.
Fly! Fly! Why war with the mighty powers unseen?
Perchance with great Manitou and the white man's God?"
And fly they do now, as in fright, best they could,
And vanished like phantoms, wild, savage and grim!
Into a cavern that opened nearby a dense wood,
Leaving to Cody their dead — all to him.
A living, breathing arsenal, Buffalo Bill is he,
Brightly bristling with war's dread arbitrament,
A monarch of the broad land and mighty sea,
His mind on progress, power and emprise bent.

* * * * * *

CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT.

Hark! 'Tis the clatter of hundreds of steed
Thundering down to the valley below,
Three hundred riders recklessly speed
Down, down on the savage Indian foe.

Ogalallah, Cheyenne, Arapahoe,
Wild Horse and his pitiless braves,
Await their dreaded oncoming foe,
Descending on them like storm-beaten waves.

"Revenge!" cries the mad savage, Rain-in-the-Face;
"Revenge!" shrieks Wild Horse on Chief Yellow Hair;
"For moons he has been on our trail to this place;
We will entrap him in Sitting Bull's lair."

"He has lived too long; he has killed many braves!
The moons of this pale face must be few.
Through him our best warriors sleep in their graves;
I, Yellow Hand, know this is true."

The horde of wild Sioux darkly enclose
Brave, gallant Custer and his followers bold,
Whose singing bullets mow down the foes,
Whom they fearlessly fight like Spartans of old.

Under command of Sitting Bull rally
The savage horde, and war whoops arise!
Pandemonium o'er mountain and valley
Reigns, and roars from earth to the skies.

The Big Horn valley with red blood is gory;
Where is bold Custer and his brave men sublime;
They have passed from the earth, and bright is their glory —
Immortal their fame to the end of all time.

* * * * * *

THE DUEL OF BUFFALO BILL AND YELLOW HAND.

Lo, who is he in the shadowy twilight,
There waiting by the deep river side,
While gather the dark mystic shades of night
Over desolate prairie, wild and wide?

His hands on his trusty rifle rest;
His horse paws, in suspense, I ween;
An eagle sailing in the west
Is the only other live thing seen.

The mountains rear their lofty heads
Above the flowery vale below;
A mountain stream its far course threads
Its way through vale where tall pines grow.

From out the mountains comes, behold!
A giant chief with haughty mien;
His feathers, yellow, shine like gold —
* Yellow Hand, the chief is seen.

"Yellow Hand, 'tis a duel to death,"
Cried Cody, handling his trusty gun;
"I'll fight you as long as I have breath;
I'll fight from morn till set of sun."

The Chief rides out on open plain,
Circling his white foe round and round;
Each foeman fires, the Chief is slain,
Falling from horse dead on the ground.

"You are avenged, Custer; hear me, though dead;
The one who slew you will never slay more,
The sands of the desert with his heart's blood is red,
And Cody, your friend, has settled the score."

* * * * * *

* New York, May 6, 1913.

Thomas Brower Peacock, Denver:

Dear Friend — Could you send me a few thousand copies of your poem of the adventures of myself, and I will sell them with the Wild West Exhibition. What will ten thousand cost—per thousand? Very truly yours,

W. F. Cody.

P. S.—The name of the Indian chief I killed in a duel on July 17, 1876, was Yellow Hand.

BUFFALO BILL'S FLIGHT AND OCEAN SWIM.

Lo! what before mine eyes unroll,
Like troubled memories in the soul!
Like a thousand phantoms of the past,
A host of wanderers earthward cast —
Painted and feathered in grewsome glare,
Like something we shun but still must bear,
Rushing like storm that wakens awe,
When the night is dark and the air is raw,
A multitude of savage men
Pursue past tarn and lonesome fen,
A horseman armed from foot to head,
A man they seek and likewise dread —
This man they wish alive to take
And burn him at the blazing stake
He's Buffalo Bill; on! onward flying —
A thousand men and death defying.
The Pacific ocean spreads at hand,
Brave Cody sees it sweep the strand.
A thought which hope gives to the scout —
"The sea the safest place, no doubt.
A space from shore an island small;
I'll try to reach in spite of all!"
The ocean gained, Cody is free
To seek his safety in the sea,
Leaving the mad mob on the shore,
Where the wild breakers sob and roar,
He reaches a port, where sea-gulls dip,
And rests till rescued by passing ship.
Thus Cody's years upon the plains,
Where long the wilderness obtains,
He wrought to civilize the West,
His way of progress seemed the best.
He saw the Indian crowded out

Of his wild stronghold and redoubt;
The prairie schooner he defended
When on its western way it wended.
The Santa Fé trail he helped to make,
With the Redman, wide awake,
In ambush hiding night and day,
Waiting the pale face to waylay.
Along the buffalo and Indian trail
He helped extend the metal rail.

* * * * * *

THE AVALANCHE.

In eastern skies awakens morn;
No longer sable night's robes trail.
Voices of birds from forest borne,
Lark, robin, mocking bird and quail.

The lion in the mountains calls
Across the canyon and the meres!
A mighty avalanche there falls
That slumbered many thousand years.

And to the yawning depths below
Thunders! Where wild beasts slink and cower,
Shuddering in fear of dreaded foe
That defies their useless, puny power.

From his aerie high, the eagle flies
In wonder! Awe struck! Upward driven
And soars from sight in distant skies,
Seeks safety in the depths of heaven.

* * * * * *

THE INDIAN

Lo! from the sylvan wildwood there,
Above the mountain's icy lake,

A score of Indians bravely dare
The storm, whose voice the dead might wake!

Behold! The disappearing race,
To which I rhythm in digression,
Mysterious people, who can trace
The trail that leads to your creation!

O Indian! Aborigine!
Your strange career must end at last;
Stern progress dooms your destiny —
The days of your heroic past.

* * * * * *

COL. W. F. CODY.

The plainsmen of the past's eventful day
Were not as found in fiction's mirror;
They were not wicked in their way,
Their ties of friendship, stronger, dearer,
Than oft we find in smoother walks
Of life, in city and rural homes,
And of their sense of honor Cody talks
To many, as he onward roams.
Our hero has seen all sides of life,
Who is at home in hut or palace rare.
He has lived through war's destructive strife,
He has made the wide world's crowned heads stare.
The oldest coach that crossed the plains
He drove in the shadows of Death's wings.
Beyond the sea, on this coach, he held the reins,
When in it sat four of Europe's greatest kings.
And now today this son of Fate
Upon the rostrum does debate
Problems in which all statesmen delve,
Perchance to solve, perchance to shelve.
To honor him for labor done

In opening the West to every one,
In two cities of our land
To him two monuments will stand.
Cody has seen mutations made
From farthest north to southern glade,
Where engineering feats strike awe
Upon the Isthmus of Panama.
The greatest engineering feat of time,
Wondrous in conception and sublime!
The dream of man for centuries past,
Well nigh accomplished by man at last.
The commerce of the world 'twill change,
Give destiny of nations wider range.
Across this Isthmus of Panama
The ancient Aztec and and Inca saw
Their plundered wealth transported o'er,
In the vanished days of yore,
First dreamed Charles the Fifth, of Spain,
That he might build a water main,
Across the Isthmus; De Lesseps next,
Three centuries later his country vexed
In emptying the treasure vaults of France,
With little results to the world's advance.
A new era of both peace and war
Over the world, both near and far,
Destined by the puissant fates,
The canal is built by the United States
Of American, well nigh finished the present year,
Worthy of commemoration here;
The mightiest vessels of peace and war
Can sail the canal from shore to shore.

The Monroe doctrine will gain more power
Onward from this eventful hour;

Bought in the strenuous Roosevelt regime,
Realized the Spanish monarch's dream.

* * * * * *

CODY'S BUFFALO HUNT.

I hear the voice of treading feet!
Loud sounding like the surging shore
When mad, the battling waters meet
Mid-ocean in the thunder's roar.

At least a million buffalo,
As mighty a herd as ever ran,
Pass on like rushing rivers flow,
A giant bull leads in the van.

What horseman he that gallops on
Behind the rolling, tossing mass,
In the early twilight dawn,
O'er rocks and weeds and tufts of grass?

'Tis the mighty hunter, Buffalo Bill,
Winning trophies on the plain,
Giving the Russian Duke his fill
Of Buffaloes in numbers slain.

FINIS.

With ranches, stores, hotels and shows,
With mines of treasure vaults untold,
Each year Scout Cody richer grows;
His Wild West show brings in the gold.

Still he'll improve his future show,
The wide world long has known its worth,
Combined with the well-known Sells-Floto,
Creates the greatest show on earth.

Many a generation yet
Will have long years to sing his praise,
And Cody's fame we'll not forget
In the glorious sunset of his days.

WELCOMING THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONCLAVE

Held In

DENVER, COLORADO, AUGUST, 1913

By Thomas Brower Peacock

On the foundation, with emprise,
Laid by mystic magi long ago,
Before King Solomon, the wise,
The Masonic Order began to grow.

O'er the tempestuous seas of time,
Ships of Masonry sailed the world—
Through war and peace in every clime,
Its banners ever have been unfurled.

The endless chain of Masonry,
Through brotherhood, displays a light;
A beacon on time's darksome sea,
Illuminating one long night.

Throughout a thousand bloody years,
When the "Dark Ages" triumphant reigned,
The work of Masonry appears—
With secret power God's will maintained.

Then, the crusading Knights, with zeal,
Went forth to spread Christ's love and power,
Then chivalry came midst woe and weal,
Then awoke Knights Templary in that hour.

Thus, from Masonry, Knights Templary sprang,
A new order, worthy of the old—
The old, which through the centuries rang,
Like evening bells of purest gold.

All hail! Knights Templar! In Denver rest.
She gives you all she has in store,
She, the Queen City of the West,
Had she to give, would give you more.

THE ALBANY'S SUMMER GARDEN

DENVER'S COOLEST CAFE

NO NIGHT — ALL LIGHT

The finest example of lavish and artistic electrical display lighting in the world is the new ten-story building of the Denver Gas and Electric Light Company in Denver. Famous architects and the most noted illuminating engineers collaborated in making this structure a triumph in exterior illumination and one of the great sights of the universe. The surface of the building is studded with 13,000 incandescent lamps of various sizes, producing a blaze of light of 200,000 candle power. This illumination is maintained from dusk until midnight every night in the year.

This building will be the Mecca of the thousands of people expected in Denver during the IndianPageant of North America in 1915. To the Indians who will take part in the Pageant, this flaming structure will be an inspiring suggestion of the great advancement made in Western civilization since the time when the only illumination in prairie and mountain was the flickering light of the campfire.

The South Denver Tribune

IS THE BEST weekly paper published in South Denver. Geo. H. Beyer and W. A. Payne are the editors and publishers.

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The

Denver Daily Post

THE PAPER WITH A HEART AND SOUL

The Largest and Most Enterprising Daily Published

All Local and Foreign News Is Found to be Accurate

Two Cents a Copy Everywhere Except on Trains, Then the Price Is Five Cents

The Buffalo Bill Shows and Sells-Floto Circus

1914 Consolidated, United, Cemented and Presented as One Exhibition **1914**

In other words, the Sells-Floto Circus and the Buffalo Bill Shows, under the direct personal supervision of the Honorable W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), giving a complete Sells-Floto Circus exhibition, a complete Buffalo Bill exhibition of "The Frontier Days and the Passing of the West," will open its season about MARCH 25, 1914, probably visiting your city. And last, but not least, the admission price to see the two shows combined will be 25 cents.

This, folks, is the biggest, best and greatest amusement offer ever made. It is the first time that two International Shows have been offered as one, and then AT ONLY HALF PRICE.

25 Cents Admission

This new offering will require 15 acres of tents for exhibition purposes and the housing of menagerie, horses and people of all nationalities.

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